THE WINDOW WISHERS.

Window-wishers, window-wishers, everywhere we go;
In front of every shop and store they're standing in a row;
Some are old and some are young; sober ones and gay,
Drifting in a wishing-dream as every mortal may.

Mothers with their hearts of love are gazing at the toys,
Wishing for the gifts to glad their precious girls and boys;
Women, women, everywhere—sweethearts, sisters, wives—
Wishing for the joys they know would lift their patient lives.

Oh, that every empty hand might have its fill of gold,
And every gift the wishers ask be theirs to have and hold;
And wreathed with every happy dream an answer should be blent
Till all the hungry hearts might breathe the blessed word "content."

'Tis good the hapless ones of earth who feel Dame Fortune's frown
May yet a-window-wishing go through all the streets in town;
For earth still holds its meed of gold, despite its dark alloy,
So long as we may dream of things to fill the heart with joy.

And life's a window-wishing play, since all our fleeting years
We're gazing at the "great beyond," and wishing through our tears;
But "over there" each thirsting rose is kissed with blissful dew,
And every wish will be fulfilled and all our dreams come true.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

The three-century rule of Castile and Aragon was ended. The yellow and red of Spain were supplanted by the scarlet, white and blue of America, and in a new glory of its own "Old Glory" unfolded to the faintly rising breeze, and all along the curving shore and over the placid waters rang out the joyous, life-giving, heart-stirring notes of the Yankee reveille.

For long hours later there came launches, bancas and cascoes from fleet and shore. The debarkation of the cavalry began in the afternoon. They had left their horses at the Presidio, 6,000 miles away, and were troopers only in name. The officers who came as passengers got ashore in the course of the day and made their way to the Ayuntamiento to report their arrival and receive their assignments.

The Red Cross nurses looked in vain for the hospital launch that, it was supposed, would hasten to convey them to comfortable quarters adjoining the sick wards or convalescent camps. They listened with the deepest interest to the description of the assault of the 13th of August that made Merritt master of Manila, and the elders, masculine and feminine, who knew something of what battle meant when American was pitted against American, looked at each other in wonderment as they heard how much had been won at cost of so little.

Sandy Ray, kissing Marion good-by and promising to see Stuyvesant in the near future, went over the side with his troop and, landing at the stone dock at the foot of the Paseo de Santa Lucia, found himself trudging along at the head of his men under massive walls nearly three centuries old, bristling with antiquated, highly ornamented Spanish guns, and streaked with slime and vegetation, while along the high parapets across the moat thousands of Spanish soldiers squatted and stared at them in sullen apathy.

Maidie's knight and champion indeed! His duty called him with his fellows to a far-away suburb up the Pasig river. Her duty held her to await the movements of the sisterhood, and what she might lack for sympathy among them was made up in manifest yet embarrassing interest on part of the tall young aide-de-camp, for Stuyvesant was bidden to remain aboard ship until suitable accommodation could be found for him ashore.

Under any other circumstances he would have objected vehemently, but, finding that the Red Cross contingent was to share his fate, and that Miss Ray was one of the dozen condemned to remain, he bore his enforced lot with Christian and soldierly resignation.

"Only," said Dr. Wells, "one would suppose that the Red Cross was entitled to some consideration, and that all preparation would have been made for our coming." It was neither flattering nor reassuring, nor, indeed, was it kind, that they should be so slighted, said the sisterhood that evening; but worse still was in store, for on the morrow, early, the Esmeralda came steaming in from Hong-Kong, where, despite her roundabout voyage, the Belgic had arrived before the slow-moving Sacramento had rounded the northern point of Luzon, and on the deck of the Esmeralda as she steered close alongside the transport, and thence on the unimpeded way to her moorings up the Pasig, in plain view of the sisterhood, tall, gaunt, austere, but triumphant, towered the form of the vice president of the Patriotic Daughters of America.

For two days more the Sacramento remained at anchor in the bay over a mile from the mouth of the river, and for two days and nights the Red Cross remained aboard, unsought, unsummoned from the shore. The situation became more strained than ever, the only betterment arising from the fact that now there was more space and the nurses were no longer crowded three in a room. Mrs. Dr. Wells moved into that recently vacated by the cavalry commander, and Miss Ray and her now earnest friend, Miss Porter, were relieved by the desertion of their eldest sister, who preempted a major's stateroom on the upper deck.

Butt stirred up a new trouble by promptly coming to Miss Ray and bidding her move out of that stuffy hole below and take Maj. Morton's quarters, and bring Miss Porter with her "if that was agreeable."

It would have been, very, but "Miss Ray's head was level," as the purser put it, and despite the snippy and exasperating conduct of most of the sisterhood, that wise young woman pointed out to the shipmaster that theirs was a semi-military organization, and that the senior, Mrs. Dr. Wells, and one or two veteran nurses should have choice of quarters.

By this time Miss Porter's vehement championship of her charming and much misjudged friend had excited no little rancor against herself. The more she proved that they had done Miss Ray injustice, the less they liked Miss Ray's advocate. It is odd but true that many a woman finds it far easier to forgive another for being as wicked as she has declared her to be than for proving herself entirely innocent.

One thing, anyhow, Miss Porter couldn't deny, said the sisterhood—she was accepting devoted attentions from Mr. Stuyvesant, and in her capacity as a Red Cross nurse that was inexcusable.

"Fudge!" said Miss Porter. "If it were you instead of Miss Ray he was in love with, how long would you let your badge keep him at a distance?"

The sun went down on their unappeased wrath that second night in Manila bay, and with the morrow came added cause for disapprobation. Before the noon hour a snow-white launch with colors flying fore and aft steamed alongside, and up the stairs, resplendent, came Stuyvesant's general with a brace of staff officers, all three precipitating themselves on the invalid and, after brief converse with him, all three sending their cards to Miss Ray, who had taken refuge on the other deck.

And even while she sat reflecting what would be the wiser course, the general himself followed the cardbearer, and that distinguished warrior, with all the honors of his victorious entry fresh upon him, inclined his handsome head and begged that he might present himself to the daughter of an old and cherished friend of cadet days, and seated himself by her side with hardly a glance at the array of surrounding femininity, and launched into reminiscence of "Billy Ray," as he was always called, and it was some little time before she could say:

"Will you let me present you to Dr. Wells, who is practically my commanding officer?" a request the general was too much of a gentleman not to accede to at once, yet looked not too much pleased when he was

"IT IS A MATTER ENTIRELY OUT OF MY JURISDICTION, MADAME."

led before that commanding dame, and then distinctly displeased as, taking advantage of her opportunity, the indignant lady burst forth with her grievance:

"Oh! This is Gen. Vinton! Well, I must say that I think you generals have treated the ladies of the Red Cross with precious little courtesy. Here we've been waiting 36 hours, and not a soul has come near us or shown us where to go or told us what to do, while everybody else aboard is looked after at once."

"It is a matter entirely out of my jurisdiction, madame," answered the general with grave and distant dignity. "In fact, I knew nothing of the arrival of any such party until, at the commanding general's this morning, your vice president—is it?—was endeavoring to—"

"Our vice president, sir," interposed the lady, promptly, "is in San Francisco, attending to her proper functions. The person you saw is not recognized by the Red Cross at all, nor by anyone in authority that I know of."

Gen. Vinton reddened. A soldier, accustomed to the "courtesies indispensable among military men," ill brooks it that a stranger and a woman should take him to task for matters beyond his knowledge or control.

"You will pardon me if in my ignorance of the matter I fancied the lady in question to be a representative of your order, and for suggesting that the chief surgeon is the official to whom you should address your complaint—and rebukes. Good morning, madame. Miss Ray," he continued, as he quickly turned and led that young lady away, "two of my staff desire to be presented. May I have the pleasure?"

There was no mistaking the general's disapprobation of the official head of the sisterhood as represented on the Sacramento. Though he and his officers remained aboard an hour, not once again would he look towards Dr. Wells or seem to see any of the party but Miss Ray—this, too, despite the fact that she tried to explain matters and pour oil on such troubled waters.

Capt. Butt sent up champagne to the distinguished party, and Miss Ray begged to be excused and slipped away to her stateroom, only to be instantly recalled by other cards—Col. and Mrs. Brent, other old friends of her father and mother. She remembered them well, and remembered having heard how Mrs. Brent had braved all opposition and had started for Hong-Kong the day after the colonel steamed for Manila; and their coming with most hospitable intent only added to the poor girl's perplexities, for they showered welcomes upon her and bade her get her luggage up at once. They had come to take her to their own roof. They had secured such a quaint, roomy house in Ermita right near the bay shore, and looking right out on the Luneta and the parade grounds.

They stormed at her plea that she must not leave her companions. They bade her send for Miss Porter, and included her in their warm-hearted invitation; but by the time Maidie was able to get a word in edgewise on her own account, and begged them to come and meet Mrs. Dr. Wells and the Red Cross sisterhood, they demurred.

The general, in Marion's brief absence, had expressed his opinion of that official head, and the Brents had evidently accepted his views. Then Vinton and his officers loudly begged Mrs. Brent to play chaperon and persuade Miss Ray and Miss Porter to accompany them in their fine white launch in a visit to the admiral on the flag ship, and said nothing about others of the order.

The idea of seeing Dewey on his own deck and being shown all over the Olympia! Why, it was glorious! But Miss Ray faltered her refusal, even against Miss Porter's imploring eyes. Then Stuyvesant declared he didn't feel up to it.

The general went off to the fleet and the Brents back to the shore without the girls. But in the course of the afternoon four more officers came to tender their services to "Billy Ray's daughter," and none, not even a hospital steward, came to do aught for the Red Cross, and by sundown Maidie Ray had every assurance that the most popular girl at that moment in Manila army circles was the least popular aboard the Sacramento, and Kate Porter cried herself to sleep after an out-and-out squabble with two of the band, and the emphatic assertion that if she were Marion Ray she would cut them all dead and go live with her friends ashore.

But when the morrow came, was it to be wondered at that Miss Ray had developed a high fever? Was it not characteristic that before noon, from the official head down, from Dr. Wells to Dottie Fellows, the most diminutive of the party, there lived not a woman of their number who was not eager in tender of services and in desire to be at the sufferer's bedside? Was it not manlike that Stuyvesant, who had shunned the sisterhood for days, now sought the very women he had scorned and begged for tidings of the girl he loved?

CHAPTER XII.

October had come and the rainy season was going, but still the heat of the midday sun drove everybody within doors except the irrepressible Yankee soldiery, released "on pass" from routine duty at inner barracks or outer picket line, and wandering about this strange, old-world metropolis of the Philippines, reckless of time or temperature in their determination to see everything there was to be seen about the whilom stronghold of "the Dons" in Asiatic waters.

Along the narrow sidewalks of the Escolta, already bordered by American signs—and saloons—and rendered even more than usually precarious by American drinks, the blue-shirted boys wandered, open-eyed, marveling much to find 'twixt twelve and two the shutters up in all the shops not conducted, as were the bars, on the American plan, while from some, still more oriental, the sun and the shopper both were excluded four full hours, beginning at 11.

South of the walls and outworks of Old Manila and east of the Luneta lay a broad, open level, bounded on the south by the suburb of Ermita, and in the midst of the long row of Spanish-built houses extending from the battery of huge Krupps at the bay side, almost over to the diagonal avenue of the Nozaleda, stood the very cozy, finely furnished house which had been hired as quarters for Col. Brent, high dignitary on the department staff.

Its lower story of cut stone was pierced by the arched driveway through which carriages entered to the patio or inner court, and, as in the tenets of Madrid the queen of Spain is possessed of no personal means of locomotion, so possibly to no Spanish dame of high degree may be attributed the desire, even though she have the power, to walk.

No other portal, therefore, either for entrance or exit, could be found at the front. Massive doors of dark, heavy wood from the Luzon forests, strapped with iron, swung on huge hinges that, unless well oiled, defied the efforts of unmuscular mankind. A narrow panel opening in one of these doors, two feet above the ground and on little hinges of its own, gave means of passage to household servants and, when pressed for time, to such of their superiors as would condescend to step high and stoop low.

To the right and left of the main entrance were store rooms, servants' rooms, and carriage-room, and opposite the latter, towards the rear, the broad stairway that, turning upon itself, led to the living-rooms on the upper floor—the broad salon at the head of the stairs being utilized as a dining-room on state occasions, and its northward end as the parlor. Opening from the sides of the salon, front and rear, were four large, roomy, high-ceilinged chambers.

Overlooking and partially overhanging the street and extending the length of the house was a wide inclosed veranda, well supplied with tables, lounging chairs and couches of bamboo and wicker, its floor covered here and there with Indian rugs, its surrounding waist-high railing fitted with parallel grooves in which slid easily the frames of the windows of translucent shells, set in little four-inch squares, or the dark-green blinds that excluded the light and glare of midday.

With both thrown back there spread an unobstructed view of the parade ground even to the edge of the distant glacis, and here it was the household sat to watch the military ceremonies, to receive their guests, and to read or doze throughout the drowsier hours of the day. "Campo de Bagumgayan" was what the natives called that martial flat in the strange barbaric tongue that delights in "igs" and "ags," in "ings" and "angs," even to repetition and repletion.

And here one soft, sensuous October afternoon, with a light breeze from the bay tempering the heat of the slanting sunshine, reclining in a broad bamboo easy-chair, sat Maidie Ray, now quite convalescent, yet not yet restored to her old-time vigorous health.

[To Be Continued.]

HUMOR OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Little Flashes of Wit That Frequently Illuminated the Speeches of the Famous Divine.

It does not lessen the dignity of Phillips Brooks' memory to learn from his biographer, Alexander V. G. Allen, of Cambridge, that he had an abounding sense of humor—humor that crops out in a fund of anecdote, says Youth's Companion.

To the person who wondered at the possibility of the whale's swallowing Jonah he said: "There was no difficulty. Jonah was one of the minor prophets."

Contrasting the ancient church with the modern, he remarked that the early devout tried to save their young men from being thrown to the lions. "Now," he added, "we are glad if we can save them from going to the dogs."

A clergyman going abroad talked in jest of bringing back a new religion with him.

"You might have some trouble in getting it through the customhouse," some one remarked.

"No," observed Bishop Brooks; "we may take it for granted that a new religion would have no duties attached."

A person, for the sake, no doubt, of argument, once drew attention to the fact that some men, calling themselves atheists, seemed to lead moral lives, and Brooks promptly disposed of it.

"They have to," said he. "They have no God to forgive them if they don't."

BRIDGET'S GRIEVANCE.

She Went to Her Mistress' Purse and Found Herself Accused of Theft.

The wife of a clever detective is said to have powers nearly equal to those possessed by her husband, says London Tit-Bits. Not long ago she began to notice that sixpences and shillings were daily disappearing as if by magic from the "change purse" in which she kept silver for small purchases. She was inclined to suspect one of her two maids, a sullen Irish girl, but was unwilling to accuse her. After some thought she wrote on a slip of paper: "Neither Bridget nor Celia must take any money from this purse." This slip she put into the purse with some silver and awaited developments.

Two days later Bridget came to her and gave "warning."

"What is the matter?" asked her mistress, innocently.

"I'll be going to another place," said Bridget, vindictively, "and it's yourself that knows the rayson. I'll not stay in a house where I'm accused of stealing money out of a little ould purse that's nivver had more than half a suvran in it since I took service here!"

Mending the Leak.

"Ah wants toe speak toe yo' for a pair ob minutes," said Abe, approaching the colonel during a recent hot spell. "Ah wants toe loan a dime off yo' toe get a glass ob gin."

"Why, you black rascal, I gave you a nickel not more than half an hour ago to buy beer with."

"Ah knows yo' did, sah," said Abe, ostentatiously wiping his face, "but mah wufless skin leaks so bad dat de beer come straight froo hit. Ah wants de gin toe close mah po's."—Judge.

Unprecedented Thoughtfulness.

Mr. Gasper—I am going to have the courts look into the sanity of that man who lives next door.

Mrs. Gasper—Why?

"Well, he's taking lessons on a horn and told me if his playing annoyed us he would give up learning."—Ohio State Journal.

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Slowboy—My husband's so lazy that if it wasn't for me I don't believe he would get up in time to go to bed.

Mrs. Rounder—My husband's different. He scarcely goes to bed in time to get up.—N. Y. World.

Short Term Usually.

Tourist—How long does the sheriff hold office in this county?

Native (of Bloody Gulch)—Just as long as he continues to draw first.—Puck.

WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

Then Making a Fire by Means of Friction Is Very Easy.

Method in Vogue Among Indians Differs from Book Accounts—The Interesting Operation Described in Detail.

[Special Arizona Letter.]

WHEN I was a lad I got the impression somehow that Indians made fire by rubbing two sticks together. Once or twice I tried it. I got two sticks, perfectly dry, and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. But the more I rubbed the cooler the

WALLAPAI MAKING FIRE.

sticks seemed to get. I got hot, but that had no effect on the sticks.

Later in life, when I began to make my journeys of exploration in the wilds of Nevada, California, Arizona and New Mexico, and I sometimes needed a fire, and didn't have a single match left, I tried it again; this time not as an experiment, but as a serious proposition. I'm considerable of a rubber, these days, but my rubbing of the two sticks never availed me a particle. I might as well have saved my strength for sawing wood. At last I made up my mind I was going to get to the bottom of this idea of rubbing two sticks together. I knew that we youngsters were often hoodwinked by what the books said, for I well remember reading that even the great and wise Franklin is said to have said that in diving into the water one must always keep his eyes open or he will be unable to see in the water, the pressure of the fluid being so great as to keep the eyelids closed. And, of course, being in a book, I believed it, until one day, to my surprise, I accidentally opened my eyes when under the water. I was so astonished that I couldn't believe it, and opened and shut them again and again. Still I believed the book and thought there was something different in my eyes from those of the eyes of other boys, and I asked them to try to open their eyes. And in spite of their assurances it was months before I definitely dared to assert that Franklin was wrong, and that it was as easy to open your eyes under water as it was anywhere else (that is, of course, if you were not afraid of the water).

So here was another case of books humbugging one. Why on earth will men write about things of which they don't know, so that it takes simple-hearted fellows like myself who believe everything they read a long time to unlearn the lies that have been unloaded upon them? For

BLOWING SPARK INTO FLAME.

I found that the stick rubbing, in the way we were led to believe it was done, was indeed a lie. No Indians ever did—nor do I believe they ever will—make a fire that way.

And yet it is the friction of two sticks rubbing together another way that did, and yet does, produce fire, and since those first days of my travels I've often seen it done. One day I was with some Wallapai friends of mine in northern Arizona. One of them asked me for some matches. I said I would give him a whole boxful if he would make me a fire without a match. In a minute he set to work. He borrowed the walking cane of Puchilowa, my interpreter, which had just the right kind of end to it, and then, getting a piece of softer, half rotten but very dry wood, he boxed a small hole in it. Now, taking the stick, he placed the end of it into the hole, and then, rubbing the stick between his hands he made it revolve so rapidly that in a minute or less a slight smoke could be seen in the hole where the end of the stick was revolving. Stopping for just a moment he got some dry punk and put it into the hole and around the end of the stick and began to twirl it again, at the same time gently blowing on the punk. In less time than it takes me to write it he had got a spark. This he blew gently until it became two, or three and more, and then with a few pieces of shredded cedar bark he picked up the sparks, blew them more and more until the bark was ignited, and in five minutes he had a good camp fire.

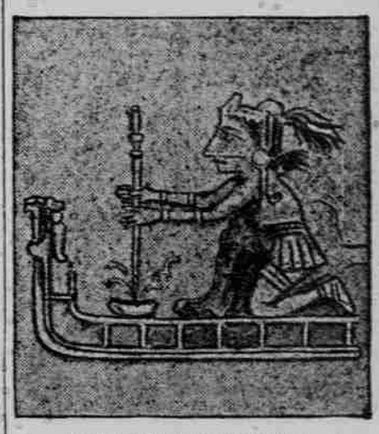
I was so pleased with his ready response to my suggestion that I made him happy with two boxes of matches, a red shirt and a sack of tobacco. And it was worth it, too! To have my youthful illusion shattered and the truth put in its place; to be taught that to know things you must do more than read about them, was well worth ten times what I gave the old Wallapai.

While I was making notes of this, my photographer, Pierce, was making snap shots of the proceeding, and from these the accompanying pictures are made.

Among the Cherokees, as far back as 1789, according to Bartram, they had an interesting fire ceremony at the beginning of the first new moon after the corn became full-eared. After various ceremonies seven people who had been appointed prepared a hearth by carefully cleaning it. Then a block of wood was brought, into which a hole was bored and a small quantity of dry golden rod was placed in and around this hole. A stick was then placed in the hole and rapidly twirled until the weed took fire. The flame thus kindled was fanned, and a fire made upon the hearth, from which the women came and took coals to their homes. All the women prior to this had extinguished their own fires—so that no "old" fire remained, and then with great solemnity came and stood, witnessing the kindling of the new flame. A little of all meat first cooked at the new fires was dropped into the flame as a sacrifice.

Among the Aztecs similar festivals were observed in honor of the god of fire, one in August and the other in February, and the accompanying engraving was copied from one of their ancient rituals prescribing the mode of its observance.

At Walpi, on the Eastern Mesa (one of the Hopi villages), a beautiful new fire ceremony is observed each November. The herald makes an announcement that is beautiful in its poetic imagery and four days later the fire



OLD MEXICAN PICTURE.
(Showing How Fire Was Made Years and Years Ago.)

part of the performances take place. Four different societies assemble at the underground sacred kiva where priests are ready with the fire board and drill to make the flame. Two priests twirl the drill in turns, and two of the societies each make fire. In one case smoke was produced in 20 seconds, a spark in 60, and soon there was a smudge in the cedar bark which was blown into a flame with the breath.

Then prayers are offered by the chief priests before the flame and prayer plumes for the six cardinal directions are dropped into the fire. Then the whole village goes in procession to a shrine where a leg of petrified wood stands, and prayers and other sacred ceremonies are indulged in.

G. WHARTON JONES.

Queer Form of Hysteria.

Dr. Dimopoulos, a medical practitioner of the town of Kutahia, in Asia Minor, sends to a Smyrna journal particulars of an "epidemic" among women of that town, which has probably no parallel in modern experience. About three years ago a young woman became subject to a form of hiccough like the crow of a cock, which resisted treatment; soon after a second began to hiccough like a cat mewing, and in six months there were 60 women in the town affected with what what may be described as animal hiccoughs, exceedingly varied. Braying, barking and sounds like those made by the fox are included in the list. Dr. Dimopoulos says that to be in a room among a number of these women was like an experience of the forest or a menagerie. Some men are affected, but the victims are mostly women, which is intelligible if the doctor's theory is correct, that the disease, for which he vouches, is a form of imitative hysteria.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Spiders That Spin Silk.

In Rhodesia there have been discovered spiders which are silk spinners and, like Dr. Johnson's Scotchman, when caught young may be made something of. These little creatures are now to be made to spin silk in match-boxes and the silk will be carried to manufacturing centers, where it will be fashioned into ladies' dresses and gentlemen's ties and umbrellas.

Elements of Greatness.

It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier. "And what are those, papa?" the son asked. "Honesty and sagacity." "But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?" "Always to keep your word." "And the mark of sagacity?" "Never to give your word."